

There harkes ware so rored in the peperes lawes
They b̄t gane the latke pere when they slew bodge
All England reioysethe at ther ouer throwse
For only the Lordis ouer kyngeis biccorpe
They had salce prophetes whiche brought chiges to passe
Cleane contrary to ther owne expectation
Ther hope was for helpe in ther popishe masse
They wolde nedes haue hanged vp a recessuaciōn
The viceroy of pon w̄dstroke with his congeraciōn
Comandid them to sticke to ther Idolatry
They had muche prouision and great prepertacion
Yet God hath gruen out kynge the biccorpe
They ded to be and spoule al the kyngeis frendes
They called them heretikes with spight & distayne
They roffled a space lyke tirantez and ffinedes
They put some in preson & sume to greate payne
And sume fled a waie or else they had bene slayne
As was Wyllam hilling that marret culp
So hiche they killed at sandford nowre in the playne
where yet god hath gruen out e kynge the biccorpe
They came to plūmo with the kyngeis frensty to one